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All About "John Bull's" Gift Pen. See Page 10.

JOHN BULL
VOL. XXIII. No. 625 SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1918. TWOPENCE.
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

What is a wash out?
A place where
you can't get
"CAVANDER'S
Army Club"
CIGARETTES.
Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens
20 for 1/1 50 for 2/8

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THE MAN WHO IS DELAYING PEACE

NESTLÉ'S MILK
THE NATION'S MOTHER
In reply to an avalanche of enquiries we beg to inform our Trade Customers, Medical Health Departments, Infant Welfare Centres, &c., and the general Public, that the whole of our present stocks, future imports and large English production of NESTLÉ'S MILK have been taken over by the Ministry of Food, and directly we receive permission from the Food Controller we at once distribute any authorised allowance to the Trade who have nominated us for their supplies.
DO NOT ACCEPT DRIED MILK
or any other substitute for Nestlé's Milk
Representations as to lack of necessary supplies of Nestlé's Milk for infants' feeding should be addressed to Local Food Committees (who are competent to deal with the matter) *and not to us*, because until we have instructions from the Ministry of Food to make a distribution, we are powerless to help the thousands of British Mothers who need it for their Babies.
Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C. 3.

Thinking Differently.

Croydon Guardians employ on important work an engineer who is liable for war service if a substitute can be found. The Ministry of Labour has, it thinks, found one—and this is the gem it offers:—"Martin Hupfield, an unnaturalised German." Croydon Guardians, we are glad to note, think differently. They have declined, more or less respectfully, the services of Herr Hupfield.

Youth Ousts Experience.

It is curious how Government offices display their preference for retaining the young and able. The Timber Department for a few weeks employed a clerk over 50, of wide experience and excellent credentials. His overseer was a fit man of about 25. The elderly clerk has now been suddenly replaced, without reason assigned, by another fit youth, of about 20. Knowledge and experience seem to count for nothing.

A Captured Uhlan.

Near Mons, some of the 13th Brigade caught a party of Uhlans. They left one Uhlan alive. He said his father was a big man in finance in London, and had forced his two sons to fight for the Huns, though their views were British. He proved that by firing into the enemy at Le Cateau, until killed by a German bullet. Men of the West Riding Regiment and West Kents captured that Uhlan. Can one of them recall his name? We should dearly like to identify the father in London.

"Ten to Five."

Nobody will kill himself by working from 10 to 5, and the Patent Office doesn't intend to kill itself for anybody. Inventors should be given every encouragement now, both as to devices for use in the war and in the peace after—yet the Patent Office has chosen this very time to shut up the valuable library at 5 o'clock, instead of keeping it open as formerly until 10, thus excluding working men and others whose only opportunities for study are in the evening. It will need very cogent official justification for this step to impress us.

Meat at Chelmsford.

Accepting the facts as disclosed in the Chelmsford Food Control Committee, there is ample reason for an increase of the local meat ration as suggested by Mr. Councillor Harper. It seems that four quarters of beef were dumped into the railway station by the Ministry of Food. Nobody ordered it; nobody wanted it; nobody would buy it; nobody could give it away; and when last seen it had gone too bad even to turn into non-coupon sausages or penny "ducks." Still, everything has its uses with Germhun submarines about. Of its ashes may be made the cabbage of its native land.

Some Merry Bucks.

Buckingham Tribunal had a joyous innings, ladling out exemptions. Though most of the cases were brought up for review by the Ministry of National Service, the Representative of that Ministry said he was instructed not to oppose exemption in the first case, and that was a fittingly foolish beginning for a fatuous sitting. Among the exempted was A. Kilby, Grade I., manager at a "milk factory," six months. Two days later a Mr. Kilby obliged by performing at a Town Hall concert. He played the banjo. You would never guess the title of his solo; it was—"To the Front!"

An A1 Watering Place.

Folkestone is a very healthy town for exempted men. But perhaps it will be advisable for the Tribunal to make it just a trifle less healthy if they want to dodge the eye of the War Office. When a single "A 1" man of 37 is exempted because he has "the best grocer's business in the town and all his savings are invested in it," people begin to talk.

Great—Yarmouth!

Suppose you have a private hotel and the War Office commandeer it, and after long delay you are paid £2 1s. 4d. a week for it, out of which you have to find £1 7s. a week rates, and were promised that your case for compensation would be dealt with two or three years after the war was over, what would you say?—speak softly, for fear the curate overhears. Well, that has actually happened in the case of the "Imperial," Great Yarmouth.

A Silly Censor.

A sailor-boy sent his mother two picture postcards from Belfast. On them he did not name his ship, nor did he give any address. But the Censor's scissors got busy on those cards, cutting away the printed word "Belfast" from views of Donegall Place and Donegall Quay. Should they fall into German hands, no enemy could then guess their place of origin. So argued the Censor, quite ignoring that the postmark on each card would stamp "Belfast" more plainly than the inscription cut out by his silly scissors!

Taking the Wrong Man.

Here is a wicked case of taking the wrong man. He is married, four children; 13 years' Territorial service, seven months in France, discharged with malaria. When he was time-expired he became a Lewis gun filer, and his firm claim him as a first-class workman, on highly-skilled work. But Birmingham Tribunal has ordered him back to the army. Why, when there are thousands of single men who have never done a drill? Putting it on the low ground of mere economy, a single man is cheaper than one with a wife and four children.

The Methusaliers.

It appears that, as the Regulations now stand, a doctor may enumerate his patient's ailments, but is not permitted to express an opinion as to his fitness or otherwise for Military Service. If the case is to be decided by a Medical Board, this may be well enough; but if an appeal to a Local Tribunal is contemplated, the intimation that a man is suffering from "arterial sclerosis" or "cardiac dilatation" may prove of no great service—whereas a plain expression of opinion as to the man's fitness for the Army would certainly be understood, and might be weighed for what it was worth.

Calories Awry.

The great thinking department of the great calory stunt at the Ministry of Food seems to have gone funny. Postmen and 'bus conductors are among those classed for extra food rations, but women doing like work get no extras. Take the case of a woman engaged as a letter carrier. She starts from the Post Office at 6.30 a.m. and delivers letters till, say, 10 a.m., when she goes home and does all the housework for herself and her children while her husband is fighting at the Front. In order to keep the home fires burning, she ought to have not only as many calories as a postman but a few over.

The Carpet Knights of Kidderminster.

The carpet manufacturers of Kidderminster had better look out. This is really a luxury trade, and the country will not long tolerate middle-aged men being called up while young fellows are helping to make carpets. It is interesting to note that the local Tribunal has on it two carpet manufacturers, a spinner, and a carpet weaver. We get kid from Kidderminster.

"Class 1."

There are disquieting indications that not a few of the old gang of Medical Board men with a penchant for shoving into the Army every man who is not actually dead or in the hospital, still remain in the employ of the Ministry of National Service. In a scandalous case before the Huddersfield Tribunal a grade 3 man had been placed in grade 1, his classification card being signed by a Dr. Maconachie. The man is locally known as a chronic invalid, and has not been able to work for 3½ years!

Carried Too Far!

We have no right to say that William Weaver, of Bromsgrove, took the 28 lb. box of margarine with felonious intent. He certainly took the box, though he several times denied the fact to the police. He says it was a joke, but since he took the box home, we think he carried the joke too far. And what we are sure is that if instead of being a respected builder, *and* a church sidesman, he had been a poor man, the Bromsgrove Bench would not have seen the point of the joke, and William would have gone to quod.

Sooty Swindon.

Swindonians are not really blackamoors. If any have changed colour during the last 15 years, it is not in the blood, but is external only, being caused by the continuous emission of soot and ashes from the Corporation's Electricity Works, where the chimney is a fuliginous fountain. Over 1,000 women have now demanded the cessation of this enormity, being tired of living in houses where they dare not open a window lest soot cover all. Men of Swindon failed to get relief, but we guess the women will make a clean sweep of the soot.

Who Was Really Guilty?

Now Alfred Edward Bastin was not a merchant. He was only stock-keeper of Rylands and Sons, Ltd., Wood Street, London, who had been 28 *years with the firm, and now earned* £2 1s. 0d. *a week, and a war bonus.* Alfred stole a case of carvers value 38s. 6d., so he lost his situation and was in custody for several days. In binding him over in £10 for twelve months, Alderman Sir Lulham Pound wept over Alfred's fall, but made no remarks about the wickedness of paying a man in a responsible position such a wage *after* 28 *years.*

Q.M.A.A.C. Girls at Salisbury.

From information received, the lot of the Q.M.A.A.C. girl at Salisbury is not a happy one. On the contrary, the latest curfew law of the Draconess who orders their toilsome lives in the hostel and out of it has made their lot such an unhappy one that they feel like kicking. Until recently, they had leave out in this Command till 9.30 p.m.; now it is ordered that they must be in their hostel at 9 p.m. And this in spring too—and with "Summer Time"—when the cuckoo cucks and the lark carols in the blue and the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Not unnaturally, the girls resent being treated like school-children.

A Petrol Puzzle.

May we inquire why, despite the Petrol Restriction Order, an uninterned German has recently been allowed to career about in a motor-car at his own sweet will and pleasure in the neighbourhood of Galashiels? This question is addressed primarily to the local police, and an early reply will oblige.

Fishy Stories.

Perhaps the Government will inquire into the truth of the statement made by a solicitor at the Hull Tribunal, that "£16,000 worth of fish within the past fortnight had to be sent to manure works, because there was not sufficient labour to cure it," and into the even more serious suggestion of Captain Chapman, who had heard "that if fish did not fetch a certain price, it was sent to the manure heap." If the facts are as stated, such waste in war time is a felony.

Rabies at the L.G.B.

Whoever else may be desirous of securing men for the Army, the Local Government Board is not. It has actually issued an elaborate guide to applicants desiring exemption, telling slackers how to shirk and conchies how to object. These instructions how to evade service give full directions in a column of type. They have been drawn up by officials with big salaries, and are circulated at the public expense. The spectacle of the L.G.B. laying itself out to defeat National Service suggests Departmental rabies of a virulent type.

The Sick and Infirm.

It is to be hoped that men in C3, consumptives or semi-cripples, are blessed with private incomes, for numbers of them are quite unable to obtain employment. Sick men, who never will be called up, are told no work can be offered them because they are liable for military service. Obviously, unfit men should be discharged, that they may earn a living.

"Thrifty" Co-operators.

Favoured as they are, most unjustly, in the matter of Income Tax, Co-operative Societies might at least have the grace to subscribe freely to War Loan. The recent refusal of the Swindon Co-operative Provident Society to patronise the Tank Bank visiting the town was an unpleasant example of the meanness of spirit which seems inseparable from the aggressive forms of "thrift."

Offensive Observations.

Apparently Mr. J. M. Howell, the new Chairman of the Cardiganshire County Council, has a sneaking regard for the Germhuns; at any rate, he likes to see them treated with becoming courtesy. It passes this gentleman's comprehension that farmers should refuse to employ Hun prisoners, and he even goes out of his way to repeat some wretched tittle-tattle about "German prisoners working far more satisfactorily than British soldiers sent as substitutes." On the whole, it is perhaps rather a pity that the Chairman of the Cardiganshire Council was not born a Germhun.

Diamonds—

A few days ago we spent a pleasant hour in the diamond-cutting establishment in Brighton where only disabled soldiers are employed. So successful has the experiment proved, that huge blocks of new buildings are now in course of erection, and it is confidently predicted that in a few years we shall have destroyed the Amsterdam monopoly.

And Gold.

Which reminds us that, by application to Lady Londonderry, 399, Oxford Street, London, W., disabled sailors and soldiers may obtain free training in gold embroidering for naval and military purposes—with the prospect of good wages when efficient. It really begins to look as though we *were* waking up at last!

Soon Over Now!

Did you observe that weighty announcement, by the Foreign Secretary, that Liberia has declared war on Germany? Now, if he had said *Si*beria—but all in good time.

The Housing Problem.

The first thing to do is to put up houses specially adapted for tenants with children. Hurry up, ye municipal authorities.

"Bullets" Record Offer.

This week the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £1,000. In addition, 10,000 other prizes are to be won, totalling over £2,000. Come in and win!

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Sir R. H. Brade, Secretary to the War Office.

DEAR SIR REGINALD,—Don't you think it would be a good idea if English were adopted as the official language of your Department? Really, the jargon at present in vogue renders lucid expression well-nigh impossible. I will not trouble you with instances, lest my readers, missing the quotation marks, might fancy I had dropped suddenly into my dotage. You know what I mean. Give those clever clerks of yours a hint. JOHN BULL.

To Featherstone Fenwick, Esq., J.P., Solicitor, Newcastle.

SIR,—At Wolsingham, the other day, it was proved that your bailiff made 16 lbs. of butter a week, and that this was sold at 2s. 6d. a lb.—3d. a lb. above the maximum. And the best your advocate could do for you—a magistrate and solicitor—was to plead that you were ignorant of the local prices and made the illegal profits only out of your workmen and your friends. And the Bench dismissed the case on payment of £3 16s. costs! Why you should escape a conviction because you have imposed on your friends and profiteered your workmen instead of your enemies and other people's workmen, is one of those things which "no fellah can understand." JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of Scottish War Savings Committee, Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—I shall certainly put the Paper Controller on to you, if you are not more careful—in the faint, far-off hope that he may presently wake up and control you and himself in the same act. A firm in Glasgow sends me, for example, a stout khaki-coloured envelope measuring fourteen inches by six inches, inscribed "On His Majesty's Service," in which you have enclosed for one of their staff a badge three-quarters of an inch square. You are badly forgetting war savings in your own house, my friend; the example is always more impressive than the preachment. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor H. Johnson, Lord Mayor of Hull.

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—Surely the pumpuritans who originated and organised the Prohibition "election" at Hull have never made themselves more ridiculous than they appear in the recent poll of the inhabitants. Over £400 has been spent on this plebiscite, with the result that Prohibition has been carried by 11,000 votes out of a total poll of 92,369 in a total population of 291,118. The whole thing is a preposterous farce. JOHN BULL.

To Charles King, Esq., Chairman of the Bedford Board of Guardians.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear you like your smoke and your glass, and have "a bit on" at "solo" and billiards. I like that sort of man. But it is all the more surprising and disgusting to learn that after you had cut off the paupers' beer and reduced their baccy allowance, you should first of all refuse the offer of free beer from a brewer, and now try to prevent other kind-hearted and benevolent people from giving the poor old fellows baccy. And having by your casting vote stopped a vote of thanks being sent to one gentleman whose baccy had, glory be to God! been already smoked by the "paupers," no doubt you went off to have your own pipe and your own glass. Oh, Charles! JOHN BULL.

To the Blackpool Food Control Committee.

GENTLEMEN,—I am still waiting for an explanation of your high-handed action in the case of Mr. Tom Fletcher, a local butcher, who recently had the misfortune to tread on your corns. To suspend a tradesman's certificate, thus cutting off his means of livelihood, merely because he had put a notice in his window reflecting upon your administrative methods, was a gross piece of tyranny for which I can see no excuse. That the incident has excited keen indignation in Blackpool is not surprising, and as at present advised, I am in full sympathy with the demand that at the first opportunity you should be "combed out." JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Watch Committee, Brighton.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—I observe that your Committee have recently reported that they have "no power" to permit legless soldiers—of whom there are so many in the special hospitals in the town—to wheel their self-propelled chairs along the pavements, a concession particularly necessary in a place possessing such narrow and crowded carriage-ways. For heaven's sake, get the necessary power—even if a special Act of Parliament has to be rushed through for the purpose. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, M.P.

DEAR PHILANTHROPIST,—Swansea Justices fined the Cwmbwrla Co-operative Society £100 for breaking the Food Order, presumably thinking the offence justified the penalty. You got busy with the Home Secretary, persuading him to knock the fine down to £20—which, according to the local press, you paid out of your own pocket. As you did not do this by stealth, do not blush to find it fame, but kindly tell me the real motives for your outlay of influence and cash. Perhaps those Co-op. members are voters, and you love them. Perhaps you would befriend similarly any poor little harassed tradesman. Or must I guess again? JOHN BULL.

To John E. Walsh, Esq., Secretary, Irish Unionist Alliance.

SIR,—With your views upon Irish Conscription I have no quarrel, but I am bound to say that your "Call to Unionists," urging the Protestants of the South and West to repudiate in advance any understanding with their Roman Catholic fellow countrymen, is a particularly evil sample of the bigotry and intolerance that block the path of settlement. That you hate the Germans as much as you scorn the Nationalists I can well believe, but the cause of Empire is ill-served by such proceedings. By the way, in order to satisfy the curiosity of those who admire your fighting spirit, would you mind telling me when you were born? JOHN BULL.

COLOSSAL GOVERNMENT SWINDLE.

By Nicholas Everitt.

I HAVE been round the world and travelled much. Wherever I have been, without exception have I found the British Government upheld as the symbol of honesty and fair dealing. Imagine my amazement, after returning injured from the war, to find in the town of 30,000 inhabitants and its neighbourhood where I practise as a solicitor, example piled upon repeated example not only of unfairness but of harsh oppressive and quasi-dishonourable treatment of unfortunate property owners whose premises have been seized, commandeered or damaged, and who in addition have been induced or compelled to insure against aircraft or bombardment with their own much-lauded Government. In the early days most people, very fortunately for themselves, were covered by private insurance companies, by big newspapers, or by Lloyd's underwriters, all of whom treated these losses promptly, honourably, sympathetically, and generously. Then the Government stepped in and diverted this business to itself. With seeming ingenuousness, they utilised the insurance companies to effect the business, it being made to run concurrently with existing fire policies.

The Confidence Trick.

Mortgagees, almost without exception, forced their mortgagors to insure with the Government. The "Government Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance Policies" issued were imposing-looking documents, and everyone was led to believe that here was as good and sound an investment as the much-appreciated War Loans. Thus was a vast army of confiding dupes roped in, with corresponding enormous pecuniary advantages. To date of writing, I have not heard of one single case in this town in which a claimant has received satisfactory, fair, or just treatment at the hands of the Government. The only cases in which I have heard of any money actually passing at all are, in one case, £1 (which the insurance company paid), and in another small claim where a newspaper paid the bulk and the Government added a few shillings to it. I have heard of any number of cases where indirect damage has been incurred, and all hope of getting anything, even towards the loss, has been abandoned in despair.

Heart-Sickening Delay.

The practice seems to be as follows: When a claim is made, the Government representatives lure the unfortunate claimant on with forms and long, unnecessary correspondence. After a few months a London valuer may arrive to view the property. This is followed by more correspondence, and the claimant is almost invariably driven to incur needless additional expense for professional assistance in trying to improve or expedite matters. About a year afterwards a fresh London valuer appears, whose farcical examination I have personally watched. Great pressure produces the laconic and ironical response that the (second) valuer reports, "He is of opinion no damage was caused," which can only be characterised as insult added to injury. Further pressure at headquarters is met by the concluding decision that "the insured must take such steps as he may be advised." A year has passed, and the unhappy property owner is asked for his renewal premiums without any days of grace. If he does not pay, his mortgagees will take action against him, if they had not already done so in default of making good the damage he is innocently liable for. This insurance contract is drawn up with a Teutonic cunning. The insurer is made to contract direct with the Government itself, which means the Crown. The Crown means the Reigning Sovereign for the time being, who *may sue* on his or her causes of action accruing, but who *cannot be sued* in turn. The only hope of being heard at all seems to be by an application to the Attorney-General for a fiat for leave to issue a Petition of Right—a cumbersome, costly proceeding in the High Court. Is it reasonable to suppose that anyone, let alone a workingman, cottage owner, artisan, or small tradesman, dare for one moment, whether his damage be small or large, contemplate such a process as setting this terrifying, overwhelming legal machinery in motion? The representatives of the undoubtedly deluded insurance companies wring their hands in sympathetic lamentation at the abominable treatment they admit has been meted out. They have told me that there are dozens of cases in which the Government representatives have actually led the deluded insurers on to agree to a figure and promise payment, then, after months of further fruitless waiting, closed the matter by the stereotyped decisions before stated.

Who Will Sweep the Augean Stable?

I doubt whether anyone except those responsible for drawing the policies ever dreamed of this unfair and false pretence which has been foisted on the unsuspecting British Public in the name of His Majesty's Government. The sooner, therefore, someone with authority takes the matter up and sets about its rectification the better for the good name of England and of English Justice. As it stands, the universal opinion of those from whom the scales have been lifted is that this so-called Insurance appears to be nothing more or less than a colossal swindle!

LADIES' LADIES IN THE FUNK-HOLE.

TOO MANY SERVANTS—TOO FEW WAR WORKERS.

There is a shortage of man-power, and they have talked of conscripting women. But that will never come off. Why? Because there are numbers of ne'er-do-well well-to-do people who will not consent to be deprived of their domestic servants. Even in the fourth year of the war, very many of our great houses are funk-holes for domestics. When the pampered employers have parted with most of their male servants of military age, they think their duty done, and so you still read such monstrous advertisements as these:—

> Housekeeper.—About 20 servants kept, including still-room maid; lady, gent.—M'Calhun, Dunfermline.
>
> Under-Housemaid wanted, near Brentwood; age 18—21; experience preferred; Church of England; two in family; eight servants.
>
> Scullerymaid, for Sunningdale. £20; 3 in family, 11 servants.

As for "fourth housemaids," cooks to families of two with seven indoor servants, and so forth, the advertisements swarm. No wonder we read the other day that owing to the failure of cooks and housemaids to respond to the National Service appeal, the work of the W.A.A.C.s has been much impeded. But just think! Here are pitiful little families of twos and threes being waited on by seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, up to twenty servants, while middle-aged men unfit for active service are to be shortly torn from their work to swab offices! Here are young women from all classes going out to France, while these pampered females live on the fat of the land and go round with a duster. In one case you actually read that 'help is given with the servants' rooms," so that a housemaid may be sure she will not have to demean herself. What about the Luxury Tax?

CHELTENHAM WATERS.

A CAUDLE MUCH IN NEED OF A LECTURE.

Oh, Caudle, Caudle! why doesn't Mrs. Caudle read you a curtain lecture? And, oh, Bourne, Bourne! why the blazes don't you go to that bourne from which no traveller (and no traitor) returns? The British Empire Union poster, showing a Hun soldier at his trade and the same blackguard got up as a commercial traveller after the war, mayn't be fine art but is jolly good sense. And it indicates a sort of streak in you, Caudle, not to want that poster put up in the Cheltenham schools. Why shouldn't the children know the truth about the war? And if the dear fetish of the Pacifist—a democratic Germany—does "arise out of the war," will there be any the less reason, Caudle, to remember what German democrats, as well as aristocrats and bureaucrats, *did*?

But Bourne is worse than silly old Caudle. He's the full-fledged variety of the bird that fouls its own nest. God help thee, Bourne; where dost keep thy wits? What? "All the war cartoons to-day are wretched attempts to blacken our enemy"? Blacken the enemy! Do you not *know* what the enemy has done? Do you not *know* of his countless infamies? No, Bourne, the Mayor was right. The danger is that we shall too soon forget. Except when our blood is up, we are a very pacific and long-suffering race. We don't foster hatred, and we like to think well of all men. And so, Bourne, unless our children are taught by chapter and verse what the enemy did to mankind, and will do again if they have half a chance, we shall have the dirty Hun creeping into our houses again before ten years are over. Still, if Bourne remains of the same opinion, why not provide him with a free passage to Germany? The Huns would love him.

A REVERSED TOUT.

FREE OFFER WITH HOOK AT THE OTHER END.

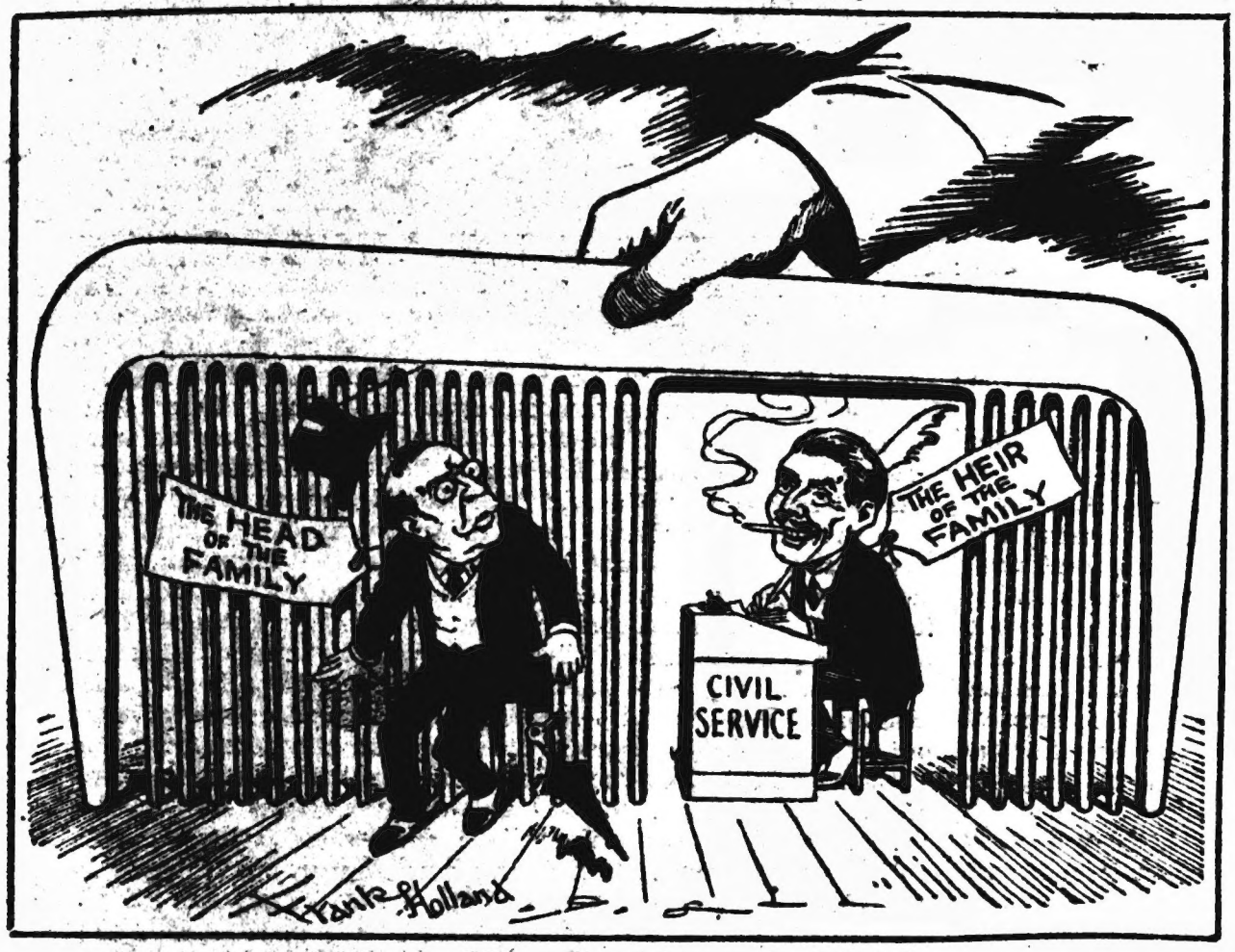
A suffering invalid, sighing for a cure, might easily be tempted to rejoice on seeing the following advertisement in a daily paper:—

"Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma. I have been cured and am anxious to help others to the same result. I am willing to send my experience of the method of treatment to any sufferer free of charge. Address, the Rev. Silas Jones, 12, Aryon Terrace, Penmaen, Colwyn, Wales."

It reads rather like a thanksgiving, coupled with a yearning on the part of some reverend gentleman to do good unto others, even as good has been done unto him. Alas, for frail human nature, inquiry does not seem to corroborate that view. To the sufferer the reverend gentleman sends, not a recipe or a remedy, but the address of somebody who will take on the curative job for a fee—price not mentioned by Silas, but "very moderate," as he says. Whether the Rev. Silas Jones has any business connection with the other fellow we cannot say, but it seems strange he should go to the expense of advertising and touting out of pure goodness of heart!

The person to whom sufferers are turned over by the seductive Silas is Richard Haynel, Ambleside, Ambrose Place, Worthing. He does not pose as a nice kind friend, anxious only to do good. He has his price, and it varies curiously. He assures one lady that he is "prepared to undertake her case for a fee of 3 guineas prepaid, and 3 guineas in, say, three months." Within a few days he asks of another lady 2½ guineas down and 2½ guineas more in three months. When we find the methods of Mr. Richard Haynel coupled up with the flowery advertisements of the Reverend Silas Jones, the combination strikes us as one that should be left severely alone.

THE ARMY COMB.



Takes the "Head" and leaves the "Heir."

AN AMAZING FESTIVITY.

WOUNDED TOMMIES BEFOOLED TO MAKE HOLIDAY.

An amazing and disagreeable story reaches us from the North. Wounded Tommies, invited by the employees of Messrs. William Beardmore and Company's Victoria Works, Airdrie, from Drumpellier Hospital, Coatbridge, Scotland, arrived at the local hall at the time appointed—3.30 in the afternoon—wholly ignorant of the nature of the intended entertainment. They were immediately conducted to a ballroom, where their photographs were taken. "After that dancing commenced," one of the convalescents tells us, "about 75 couples, composed of workers, male and female—the men all of military age, in fact in the early twenties—tripping the light fantastic while the Tommies were left to watch them and prop up the walls." It is true that many of the wounded were unable to dance, but nobody took the slightest interest in them during these joyous proceedings, except "one young gentleman who pointed out that cards were provided for us to play with in the corner." During the afternoon they were officially informed that a bottle of aerated water had been provided for each man. As tumblers were not visible, the soldiers took it that they were expected to drink from the bottle-neck. Long before tea-time the Tommies were "fed up," but not with what they had to eat. "Only a few of us," laments the unhappy narrator, "found anybody to go to tea with; the rest had to go to a table of their own, while all the civvies took their own girls." "After tea," says our informant, "in one waltz the ladies had their own choice. And how many of the boys got a partner? The answer is—'None.' We came away heartily disgusted and thinking we had been made tools of to obtain the hall and extra food required for the interval." After the boys had left, we are informed that their astounding hosts sang with astonishing fervour "Will ye no come back again?" We are authorised to inform the munitioners and munitioneesses that the answer is emphatically in the negative.

A SOULLESS SON.

WORKHOUSE AND PERSECUTION FOR A MOTHER.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"—that he could bring a County Court claim against his bed-ridden mother (aged 78) for the paltry sum of £9 14s. 6d., made up of items for "board and lodging" and the costs of a legal action which he had previously lost with ignominy? The answer is in the affirmative, and he is Edward Wildgoose, who has notoriety, of a sort, in the ancient City of Bristol. A recent case before the County Court revealed how he relentlessly pursued his mother with intent to wrest from her an annuity of £50 left her by her daughter to provide her with some comforts in her declining years. The gentle Wildgoose was also left a £50 annuity by his sister—which he promptly assigned to his wife, together with his household furniture, and is now posing as a poor fish-hawker. Shortly after his sister's death, Wildgoose persuaded his mother to live with him. His next procedure was to get her to execute a Power of Attorney in his favour and, this document once in his possession, he succeeded in convincing the poor old soul that she would be better off in the workhouse infirmary! Another sister, upon hearing her mother's fate, promptly rescued her from the House, and had her made comfortable in a Clifton nursing home. Mr. Wildgoose thereupon had the audacity to sue the Trustees under his dead sister's Will for the amount of the annuity he so greedily coveted. He insisted upon accompanying the County Court officer to the nursing home to witness the serving of the summons, forced his way into the aged woman's room and made a painful scene at the bed-side. "I have something to give you which is for your good," he mocked—and the summons was duly served. Judgment for defendant, with costs, decided Judge Stanger—after Mr. Walter Watts, who appeared for the mother, had proved the foregoing facts—adding that plaintiff had quite failed to make out any case. For its sheer audacity, Wildgoose *v.* Wildgoose deserves a place in legal history.

MILKING THE MILK.

POWDER IN THE PACKET AND WATER TO TASTE.

What a Brighton paper describes as an "interesting explanation" was given to the local Magistrates when the Sussex Dairy Co., Ltd., of 43, St. James Street, were brought to the seat of judgment for selling milk containing 6½ per cent. of added water. The Company, said their solicitor, "endeavoured to eke out their supplies by using concentrated milk from America, and mixing it with fresh milk," but unhappily the directions on the packet were not accurate; "the concentrated milk was not so strong as stated, and so the amount of water added was too much." Not only did the Company greatly overwhelm this product—whatever its worth—under the pump, but apparently no evidence was adduced to show they told customers about the camouflage. Despite the plea of "guilty," the charge was dismissed on payment of costs. All over the country householders think they are getting lovely milk fresh from the cow—for that is what they are paying for—when in fact they are receiving a portion of fresh milk "eked out" with a milk powder which no milkmaid would recognise and every cow would scorn, and a sufficient quantity of water to drown the lot. There is no public philanthropy in using this milk powder, and it is naked bunkum to pretend there is.

THE "NEUTRAL" MENACE.

TREACHEROUS BEHAVIOUR OF "FRIENDLY" SWEDE

Our readers may recall the circumstances in which Mr. Carl Gustav Vingquist, described as "a medical gymnastic director," of Swedish nationality, was recently sentenced to six months' hard labour and ordered for deportation for helping a German prisoner to escape. The Magistrate was invited to overlook his treacherous work on the ground that he had been employed at the Swedenborg Military Hospital, Paddington, where he had attended over 1,500 British officers. If Vingquist is a sample of the body of Swedes employed in positions of trust at the Hospital—some very ugly reports have just reached us—it is about time that this nest of "neutrals" was placed under more effective supervision. And can it possibly be true that Vingquist, despite having been sentenced to six months' hard labour on April 16th, has recently been seen at large in the vicinity of the Hospital?

ONE HOAX AT SEVENOAKS.

GLARING SCANDAL OF MUNICIPAL FAVOURITISM.

Sevenoaks Urban District Council has perpetrated a hoax at the expense of surveyors. Its Surveyor having died, it advertised the vacancy at a salary of £350. About 150 professional gentlemen applied, and three candidates were selected to interview the Council, one coming from the Isle of Wight, another from Birmingham. They would probably never have made the journey had they known that the third selected candidate had quite lately resigned from the Sevenoaks Council in order to apply for the post, and that, just previous to resigning, he had voted for an increase of £75 in the salary attaching to the berth. He possessed no special qualifications in the way of training; the other two applicants were fully-trained Municipal Surveyors; also, both had done their bit, and were discharged men. The ex-Councillor has not served, though apparently of military age. Yet the surveyorship was bestowed upon him! It is to be hoped the Local Government Board will refuse to ratify such an appointment, for it has publicly deprecated any post being given to a man who "has within 12 months been a member of the Council."

THE MAN WHO IS

Rome's Dream of Temporal Power—A Sinister Silence

By THE E.

HITHERTO I have been in the habit of addressing my weekly message, either directly or indirectly, to the Prime Minister and the Politicians generally. To-day I am making a departure. I want a word or two with the head of a great religious sect—a great and powerful and wonderful Church—with none other, indeed, than His Holiness the Pope. From many points of view, he is the most influential man in the world to-day—for, although in law denuded of political power, it would be sheer hypocrisy to pretend that his *rôle* is purely that of spiritual guide, and that he has thrown off for ever all the hopes and aspirations of the Vatican for a return of temporal authority. But I have no intention of intruding into the sphere of political Romanism. I am content to deal with the Pope to-day as the representative of one of the most wonderful religions in all the world—which brings comfort and consolation to countless faithful souls, and points the most picturesque and impressive road to Heaven of all the faiths of mankind. With every respect, therefore, and with a profound sense of the reverence and love with which he is regarded by so many of my fellow citizens, I am compelled by public duty to say what so many are thinking to-day. But let it be most clearly understood that there is not in my mind one atom of hostility towards the great Roman Catholic faith. I number many a priest amongst my best and dearest friends—and each of them is a fine, human and inspiring man of God. But apart from that fact, I do not believe that anyone who has followed my public career will ever dare to accuse me of being a bigot. Toleration is my creed—and generous sympathy with all religions my practice. To me a good Roman Catholic, a good Jew, an earnest Anglican, and an honest Nonconformist are all alike. I respect their religious professions—yes, and prejudices—I recognise each as seeking for the Truth, and not one word can, has, or ever shall, proceed from my lips or pen in unfriendly or profane criticism. But when religion is made to do service to politics, and the influence of a great Church is used, not in support of the mighty world-struggle against the Powers of Darkness, but in indifference to those who are fighting for Civilisation and for Liberty, then I hold it to be my duty to raise my voice against the network of intrigue which has the Vatican for its centre and its mainspring, and to do my part in warning the head of the Roman Catholic Church of the dangers which confront it by conduct which can only have the effect of heartening the bully of Europe and so delaying the coming of a real peace.

A Sinister Silence.

We are in the mid-channel of this awful war. The swirling currents—now of success, anon of reverse—cross and re-cross. All that Christianity holds dear is at stake—Truth, Honour, Justice, Humanity. Can we look back over the years of conflict—with their horrors and cruelties, their denials of mercy, their chapters of Hunnish cruelty and deception, their murderous episodes, their devilish practices—and declare that the Pope, the head of the Church to which millions are devoutly attached, has at any time or in any circumstances sought to stay the cruel outrages of the Hun, to proclaim the hideous author of them, or appeal to the dictates of Humanity? Let me say again that I am in no mood to pander to the anti-Catholics, and never will be any party to reviving old, if still sleeping, sectarian strife. But we cannot shut our eyes to facts, and I declare here and now that the Pope has disappointed the world and spread feelings of deep regret even among those who owe him allegiance. Recall those early and blood-stained episodes of the rape of Belgium, when the enemy overran fair lands because the King who ruled them preferred destruction to dishonour. Who can forget the heartrending appeal which the heroic and long-suffering Cardinal Mercier made to Rome? No answer came to his cry. In letters of fire he laid bare the catalogue of horrible atrocities and almost unthinkable inhumanities to which little children and innocent women were subjected. Yet Pope Benedict heard him not. The horrors of Serbia were added to the bestial evidences of Belgium—but still no voice from the Vatican, no appeal to the Christians of the world to take up arms against a nation and a ruler who blasphemed the very name of God and countenanced and applauded deeds of the outer darkness. And then the terrible crime of the *Lusitania*—and still no protest from the Pope, no denouncing voice from the Vatican.

That accusing silence, relieved only by appeals for peace when there could and can be no peace, has continued until we are face to face with the great deciding hours, when the call for men to stand side by side with the gallant fellows who have fought and bled that Civilisation may live is insistent and compelling. Then what do we find? That the Irish priesthood, without one written word of protest from the Vatican, has ranged itself in militant array on the side of those who are defying the King's Government, in support of a revolutionary rising whose object is to deny forces to the Army, and whose one and only effect must be to give comfort and aid to the enemy. That is a strong statement, but it is undeniable—it cannot be contradicted. Under voluntary enlistment Ireland, like the rest of the United Kingdom, gave of its bravest to the service of the war. Roman Catholic and Protestant have fought side by side on the French fields—forgetting all religious, as they have wiped out all political, differences in the face of an abhorrent foe. Roman Catholic priests, like the faithful pastors and ministers of other creeds, have proved themselves worthy disciples of the Master throughout this war. They have performed deeds of splendid valour under fire; they have brought succour to the wounded and to the dying, regardless of their own lives; they have administered the last consolation of the Church, and with whispered prayers and absolution have closed the eyes of the devout. All this, and more, the soldiers and priests who look to Rome for counsel and guidance have done. And God bless them for it! But yet we find the hierarchy in Ireland directly defying the King's Government, flouting the decrees of Parliament, and inciting the people to stand aside in this struggle for "the things that are God's," and to band themselves in unholy alliance for revolution.

An Indictment of England.

All that is happening in Ireland must be with the acquiescence, and approval, of the Pope. Otherwise it would not continue an hour longer. As an index to the position of the Church of Rome, take the words of the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, when he called "this sad antagonism" the outcome of the "might of England," and went on to assert that "it is rendered all the more bitter inasmuch as Ireland owns spiritual allegiance to the Universal Church of all nations, whereas England has set up a National Church for herself and cut herself off from the rest of Christendom. Since she repudiated the spiritual sway of the Holy See, England as a nation has gradually lost all sense of religious authority. As a substitute for the Papacy in religious matters the Crown has not proved successful, and in our own day the people have been rapidly losing respect even for its civil authority, which the Catholic Church has always so strenuously inculcated." Such language as this carries its own condemnation. It has a peculiarly sinister meaning—a meaning which patriotic and loyal Catholics would be the first to denounce. And with Ireland in open revolt, is it not sheer hypocrisy to suggest that the Church "strenuously" inculcates "respect for the civil authority"? Never let it be forgotten that the temporal power of the Pope was arrested by Italy—and Italy to-day is with us, with the Allies. Then remember that Austria is the greatest Roman Catholic power in Europe. Is the Pope neutral; have his actions and those of the Vatican since war began been those of a neutral? Or is there evidence, plain for all to understand, that his sympathies and hopes are with the Central Powers? It is true that His Holiness has made certain "efforts" in the direction of peace, but that proposal for "complete reciprocal condonation" carried its own condemnation. How can there be reciprocal condonation when the Hun stands before the world as a callous criminal, guilty of the worst of crimes against Humanity? That Papal note would stand condemned, if for nothing else, for the praise of von Kuhlmann. The German Foreign Minister applauded it as "an imperishable page

DELAYING PEACE.

ce—Indictment of England—When the End Comes.

DITOR.

of glory in the annals of Papal diplomacy," and Count Czernin, the wily Foreign Minister of Austria, described it as a "beautiful and sublime note addressed to the whole world." Can we wonder if the action of the Vatican is gravely suspect when all the intrigue in favour of the Hun is traced back to Papal influence, as all the intriguers at some time or another find their way to Rome?

No Word from the Pope.

Why, it may be asked, is this so? Surely, if the Pope and the Vatican are innocent of these things, there should be a world-wide disclaimer—and, what is more, a Pontifical repudiation of all those currents and influences which are operating against the Allies! So far as I can recall—and I do my best to keep well-informed on these matters—there has been no repudiation by the Vatican of that disgraceful traitor, Monsignor Gerlach. Last August he was sentenced to penal servitude for life for espionage. He was found guilty of financing pro-German newspapers and conspirators in Rome with money received from Berlin. And Gerlach was one of the Pope's Private Chamberlains! Mario Pomerice and Archita Valente—the one condemned to death, the other gone to life-long penal servitude—were the paid agents of this Vatican intriguer and traitor. Bolo, who has died the death for conspiracy with the enemy against France, was also proved to be in league with Papal intriguers, and the same remark applies to Porchieri, who is now undergoing a three years' sentence. And then there is Caillaux, who is to stand his trial as an enemy of the country of which at one time he was Prime Minister. He, too, it is already proved, was in touch with the Vatican. And then look at what is happening, or has happened, in our great Dominions. Wherever there has been opposition to Conscription, there, it is alleged, is to be found the active antagonism of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is a serious charge, but can it be refuted? Look what has occurred in Canada. Only in the Catholic province of Quebec have the demands of Sir W. Borden's Government been denied. And what of Australia—where conscription, cheerfully adopted here, has once more been rejected? It was the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Mannix, who, according to Mr. Hughes, "preached sedition in and out of season," and endeavoured to "lead his flock along the path of sedition." Now if it could be argued that these sinister activities of representatives of the Church of Rome were isolated and disconnected, we might ascribe individual acts to wrong-headedness—a defect which is by no means confined to Catholic prelates. But when we find that at home and in the Dominions—in South Africa, in the United States, in Europe—all the influence and authority of the Church are cast on the side of the Central Powers and against this country and her Allies, we must not close our eyes to the danger that lurks in these political activities of the Vatican and the august head of the Church of Rome.

Rome's Dream of Temporal Power.

It is not necessary to accept, or, indeed, to believe, all the wild and whirling accusations which are made from time to time against the Jesuits to realise that this Secret Order is working with unceasing patience to secure the restoration of the temporal power of the Church of Rome. As long ago as 1874 we find that Cardinal Manning was looking to some such devastating war as this as the only way to secure the restoration of the Pope's temporal power. He wrote in the *Tablet*:—"There is only one solution of the difficulty, and that is the terrible scourge of continental war, a war which will exceed the horrors of any of the wars of the first Empire. And it is my firm conviction that, in spite of all obstacles, the Vicar of Christ will be put again in his rightful place. But that day will not be until his adversaries shall have crushed each other with mutual destruction." It is this dream of the Vatican which is behind all the attempts to work in the interest of the Central Powers. In the belief that only by the victory of Germany and Austria, her Ally (now her vassal), can Rome regain her lost political and sovereign status, priests of Rome in all parts of the world are leagued to secure a triumph for the Kaiser and his War Lords. One does not need to be a very profound student of history to note how the German Emperor and the Vatican have long been drawn into alliance by a common aim—on the one side the lust for world dominion, on the other the hope of regaining the things which were lost when Italy won her liberty and threw off the temporal yoke of the Pontiff. There is abundant evidence in the Italian archives to prove that the ominous break which occurred in the *morale* of the Italian Army—a break now happily mended—was due to the intrigues of Vatican agents. By a persistent and malignant propaganda, carried on through a corrupted press, the seeds of doubt and misgiving were sown with criminal intent. The result we know, and the blow under which our gallant Italian ally staggered and almost fell was one aimed by the agents of the Vatican. Never forget, the sympathies and activities of the Pontiff are with the Austrian Empire—that great stronghold of the Church. From the purely temporal standpoint that attitude is natural, but the Church of Rome at its best represents great Christian and human ideals on which the Central Powers have trampled with devilish strength and with bestial determination. It is quite likely, seeing that every attempt of Germany or Austria to launch a peace "offensive" has failed, that the Pope may once again be induced to send forth a dove from the Vatican cote. But—and I say it with all respect to the great Pontiff—*we will have no Pope's peace!* In a war for Liberty and Truth, the great Church of Rome, through its spiritual head, might have been expected to come forth boldly on the side of Christianity and Civilisation. It has preferred to scheme for the things that are temporal, rather than to battle for the things that are spiritual. It has been said, and there is inherent truth in the statement, that the Kaiser, who built up his Navy and spread the gospel of German ascendancy through the power of the Catholic vote and the influence of the priesthood, has made his bargain with Rome, and that she looks to the victory of the Hohenzollern for a fulfilment of an understanding for restored temporal power. Only on the assumption that such is the compact between the Lord of Evil and the Church, can the base outrages and cunning conspiracies that have radiated from Rome find a common meaning and purpose.

When the End Comes.

We have to thank the Bavarian Premier for the statement that Germany is pledged to revive the Papal States, while it has been publicly proclaimed in Germany that "effective measures must be taken to give the Pope and his successors more independence than is possible while the Vatican continues to be surrounded by Italian territory." So you see what the game is—and it will be our fault if it is played at all, and our unpardonable crime if it is played with success. By the time these lines are published, the great offensive in the West may be in full roar of guns, and that decision so anxiously awaited may be in process of fulfilment. When once it does begin the verdict cannot be long delayed—as I have suggested, a week from the opening day may settle the situation in the West, and once that is decided the end of the war will be in sight. It may even happen that while the guns are speaking the voice of Peace may seek to make itself heard above the din. I repeat—if it comes from Rome we cannot listen to it, for there is a double danger in any overtures which, garbed in the spiritual cloak, conceal the hand and influence of the Hun. This country, like the rest of the stricken world, is painfully waiting for the hour when the clouds of war shall give place to the sunshine of the new era. But a false peace, a strife-weary compact, would mean untold misery now and unthinkable woe in the future. Until the peace is *our* peace, and not the peace which Germany is seeking to impose, there is nothing for it but to continue the struggle—strong in our own strength, confident of the final triumph. When the day comes that an armistice falls gently upon the war-scarred fields of France, and the men who have fought meet to settle terms, we must remember all that the world has suffered, and keep away from the Council Chamber the neutral the weak-kneed and the suspect!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Good mornin', sir. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . *'Air trimmed?* With pleasure, sir. This chair, sir, if you please. You're lookin' uncommon cheerful this mornin', sir. Is it yore 'abitual expression or 'ave you done yoreself a bit of good unexpected? . . . . *You're not aware as you're lookin' out of the ordinary?* P'raps not, sir. You may be one o' the lucky ones wot always looks jolly. I notice you specially becos' I've 'ad sich a lot o' long mugs in me saloon lately. Faces as long as fiddles. Shockin'! You'd think to look at some of 'em thet the Kayser's 'ordes 'ad captured the Channel ports an' was makin' immejiate arrangements fur invadin' England. . . . No, sir, it ain't wore weariness or pessimism. It's sheer disgust. They orl feels 'urt, an' I give you my word most of 'em look it. You see, most o' my clients nowadays are middle-aged London bizniss men wot live out of town, and 'ave lived outer town fur yers. Most of 'em 'ave bin settled with their fam'lies in sich places as Soufend, Brighton, Croydon, Maiden'ead an' *cetra*—patriotic fellers, too, most of 'em. You know, the sort wot 'ave give their 'opeful sons to the Army, and 'ave carried on and done a bit theirselves by actin' as speshal constables, an' cetra in their spare time, not to speak of takin' up allotments to grow spuds, as requested by the Guv'ment. Well, most of 'em are feelin' sore jest now, becos the Guv'ment 'as done the dirty on 'em in the matter o' season tickets. *You* know, sir, them wot live more then 12 miles outer London, takin' Charin' Crorss as the centre, will 'ave to pay a 20 per cent. increase on the price o' their season tickets w'en they wanter renew 'em, and they're arskin' w'y this 'eavy tax should be shoved onter them, w'en they've bin doin' their level fur the Ole Country. And I agrees with 'em. I think Sir Arthur Stanley, the President o' the Board o' Trade, 'as made almost as big a bloomer as wot Bonar Lore did w'en 'e increased the stamp duty on cheques instead of on receipts. 'E's punishin' the wrong people. The increase in season ticket 'olders durin' the larst twelve months 'as bin on account o' the scared aliens flyin' 'elter skelter outer London away from the raids, and settlin' in sich places as Brighton and Maidenhead. Well, most o' them 'ave got money to burn, made outer the trustin' Britisher wot 'is fightin' an' dyin' to make England not only safe fur democracy, as President Wilson ses, but safe fur the shirkin' alien. Well, do you think 20 per cent. on the price of a season will stop them travellin' up an' down? Not it. It's the 'ard-up English bizness man wot'll suffer all the time. 'E must still travel backwards an' forwards to bizness an' pay the extra w'ether 'e can afford it or not. Take Soufend. *Thet* ain't overrun with aliens, becos it's too dangerous. The furriners 'aven't flocked down *there*. O no! Not them! But there are scores of 'ard-workin' bizniss men livin' there, travellin' to and from London daily fur bizniss an' puttin' in so many hours per night on speshul slop's duty. They've 'ad a 'ard and a nervy time since the wore broke out, but they've carried on. And now they're goin' to be penalized becos a lot o' w'ite livored aliens are congestin' the railways. Wot Sir Arthur Stanley should 'ave done wos to pro'ibit seasons fur aliens, and restricted the travellin' of aliens with a stern 'and. But, as usual, it's the pore middle-clarss patriot wot 'as to suffer, and—Wot, he's gorne, and without arf 'is change!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BATH CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Lost again from ——, Black Manx Cat; LEFT FOR WEEK-END, AND HAS NOT RETURNED."

"HULL DAILY NEWS" (letter from correspondent):—
"I am a SELF-PRODUCER. Is it a fact that I can eat the WHOLE OF THE PORK I BREED WITHOUT COUPONS?"

"SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Will Person who picked up Parcel . . . containing EXPENSIVE LADY'S jumper . . . return to —— ?"

"WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES" (advertisement):—
"STRAYED, from Uldale Mill, a Gent's BICYCLE. Last seen on the road between Bassenthwaite and Peter House."

"LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS":—
"Everybody will get by coupon RATHER MORE BACON than they would have consumed if there had been NO BACON AT ALL."

"WEST BRITON AND CORNWALL ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"Found . . . a Mackintosh. FINDER can have same by paying expenses."

"CHORLEY WEEKLY NEWS":—
"About the year 1667 an edict was passed for the protection of the woollen trade, and EVERY PERSON WHO DIED HAD TO FILE A CERTIFICATE . . . that the person buried was put in a woollen shroud."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"Lady Frances Balfour says that in Scotland no man likes to be seen milking, and unless the women on the farm are desperately ill the men NEVER do it, and THEN ONLY AFTER DARK."

NATIONAL SERVICE WORKERS' HAIR HEALTH.

WAR WORK AND WAR STRAIN RESPONSIBLE FOR HAIR DEFECTS.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE TO ALL READERS TO-DAY.

NATIONAL SERVICE WORKERS are the latest to bear most remarkable testimony to the wonderful results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in overcoming the many hair-health defects which so many have experienced due to the vitiated atmosphere of workshops, factories and other centres of industry. They also find that it is wonderfully beneficial in growing and maintaining luxuriant and beautiful hair.

If you are worried about the condition of your hair, if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dandruff, or over-greasiness, due to war work and war strain, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill"—the unfailing remedy for all hair health defects.

TEST IT FREE TO-DAY.

A short course of Hair-Drill will quickly convince you of the wonderful benefits to be derived from its daily practice, and the opportunity is freely offered to you in the unique Four-Fold Gift Outfit described below. All you have to do is to detach the Free Coupon and post as directed thereon, with 4d. stamps to cover cost of packing and return postage of the parcel to your door.

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new "Hair-Drill" Manual of instruction.

In their unanimous praise of this Great National Toilet Practice, our War Workers everywhere endorse the uniform opinion of practically all of our famous Society Beauties and the most charming women of Stage, Revue and Cinema.

TWO MINUTES A DAY.

This is all the time you need to devote to Harlene Hair-Drill. The Free Outfit, which you should not fail to write for now, and which will last you seven days, will prove this to you and also bring about a wonderful improvement in the general well-being and appearance of your hair.

At this time, when men and women are all concentrated on war-work, never has the "Harlene Hair-Drill" exercise proved so universally triumphant. If you are in the least worried as to your hair-health send for this special four-fold gift offered you here free. (See Coupon below.)

"HARLENE" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and shade, as well as the delicate tints of the hair, which have been dulled down, will reawaken, and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

"HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL FOR MEN.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practice the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

After a Free Trial you can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. Solidified Harlene for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins, at 2s. 9d., with full directions. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos, single packets 2d. each; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to
EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street,
London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")
"John Bull," 25/5/18.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.)

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

God Help the Cripples!:—The other night a draft left one of the camps near Aldershot, for the Front, some of the men being supported on sticks, whilst others had their packs carried by a fatigue party. In a few days they will be in the big push!

They Have to Cadge:—Patients of the Wornston V.A.D. Hospital, at Eastbourne, tell us that they are not supplied with matches, and thus when they go out for a walk have to cadge lights from civilians. Some of the local tobacconists refuse to sell them matches. Surely the Match Controller should put a speedy end to this scandalous state of things.

The Same Old Game:—It was recently stated in the Press that the Minister of Pensions had issued an instruction to Medical Boards to refrain from questioning a pensioner as to whether he was employed or not. Notwithstanding the instruction, we find that the same old game is being played, with the object of unfairly reducing the amount of the grant.

The New Doctor Again:—We once more appeal to the Army Council—unfortunately, Lord Derby has gone; we do not think it would have been necessary to approach him more than once on the matter—to look into the scandal of non-commissioned officers who are not medical men, but are prescribing for our soldiers "medicine and duty." If we were to detail the dire results in some cases, there would be a howl of rage throughout the Empire.

Unofficial D.O.R.A.:—It is not laid down in King's Regulations, but soldiers are warned that if they make a complaint to any Member of Parliament or other third party, they will be liable to severe punishment. Hitherto the bar was only put up against the Press. Numbers of soldiers have sent us inquiries regarding the matter, and we reply advising them to ignore the unauthorised threat. Any man may write to the Press so long as his letter does not convey military information, and he cannot legally be punished for doing so, whilst he has a similar right in regard to a Member of Parliament.

Tommy's Smokes:—Our Home Service men are rather hipped by the fact that Canadian soldiers may buy cigarettes and packets of tobacco, emblazoned with a label worded "Issued duty free, solely for the personal consumption of Canadian troops, and not to be resold or given away." Our poor Tommy gets no baccy or cigarettes duty free.

Damping Their Spirits!:—This is an unofficial Order issued at Aldershot: "No N.C.O. or men who are not in the draft will accompany the draft to the station unless on duty. Any N.C.O. or man found doing so will be severely dealt with." In other words, no soldier may see off a pal, who may shortly be going to his death over the top. This order was posted by the *Drake* Coy. H.N.D., and we do not envy whoever issued it his human feelings.

Why the Cost is So Big:—We hear that near Bristol there is an M. T. Depot (not a tractor depot) which boasts of one Lieut.-Col., one Major, one Captain, five Subalterns, and about two hundred N.C.O.s and men. They have twenty motor lorries, hardly one of which has done a genuine day's work within the last twelve months. Is nobody looking after our finances? At least a million pounds a day could be saved if there was a real desire for economy all round.

"JACK."

Sailors Too?:—We have seen to it that our soldiers' letters will not require the extra halfpenny stamp. What about the sailors, Mr. Bonar Law?

Can It Be So?:—We hear from H.M. Tug *Universe* that the crew, who are comprised of Mercantile Marine ratings, have not had any pay since February 7th—their inquiries being without satisfactory results. They are, also, sometimes two days without food. It seems high time that the skipper tried his gentle persuasion upon the authorities.

The Railway Stunt:—Once more we appeal for railway travelling facilities at pre-war rates for all members of the naval service. The concession is given to some, but many are left out in the cold.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Cutting Down:—A "Silver Badger" got employment at a colliery office in Bishop's Auckland, the idea being that he should release an able-bodied man for the Army. The able-bodied man had 36s. a week; the poor "Badger" was given 25s. The "Badger" is married; the man who received the exchange was single. Our badged friend does nine hours' night duty; on the same job there are two girls employed during the day, who receive 28s. a week each. Such glaring inequality cannot but embitter the men who have done their "bit."

The Game:—In the old days employers who wanted men would not look at ex-Tommies, as they thought their backs were too stiff through drill. And even to-day those in want of hands are generally turning down the "Silver Badger." This hostile attitude threatens to become worse, and here, too, we can see much trouble ahead.

Stand Aside for the Aliens:—We are told by a Manchester badge man that he opened a hairdresser's shop in that city, and is now informed that he must close down or pay a fine of £100—with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. This is, apparently, to protect the men who have just joined up and left their shops. What about the aliens who are opening up businesses all over the place?

Good for Sheffield:—The Federation has taken root in Sheffield once more, the membership at the moment standing at 367. Like all other branches, they call, "Come over and help us!"

Weed Them Out:—The Poplar Branch of the National Federation did a good stroke last week, when they induced the Borough Council to ask the L.G.B. to remove Messrs. Marsh, Banks, Sumner and Adams from the local Tribunal, on account of their alleged Pacifist views. Federation members pointed out to the Council that during the two years these four had been on the Tribunal, they had not once voted for a man to be sent to the Navy or Army!

The Badgers at Work:—We are glad to hear of the success of the Headquarters and District Branches in settling satisfactorily many disputes between masters and men. At the same time, employers who give discharged men boys' wages because they have been soldiers and earned a small pension, must not expect to be exempt from criticism.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every penny subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Motherless Children:—A case of peculiar need was brought before us by a Sapper of the R.E. He is the eldest of the family—having lost father and mother—and his next brother, who was formerly in charge of the younger children at home, is called to the Colours. His allotment has not yet come through, and the guardian of the little ones, a girl of sixteen, had very little money in hand to keep things going.

Accidents Will Happen:—The wife of a Private now in France unfortunately met with an accident while travelling by train. She fractured her leg, and had to remain in hospital, her children meanwhile boarding out, the expense of which was a burden which we gladly lightened for her.

"Never Free from Trouble!":—A soldier's wife in these words tells us of her misfortunes. Her eldest boy has epilepsy, an operation, the recovery from which was followed by influenza; her second lad was taken seriously ill with pneumonia. Much expense has already been incurred on account of these, which she could not meet out of her allowance.

A Physical Wreck:—A once prosperous clerk has served his country, but contracted consumption, and has done very little work in consequence. The only income he receives is the National Insurance benefit of 9s. a week, and he owes nine weeks' rent. He has a wife who is, unfortunately, unable to work, though willing to do so.

A Plucky Wife:—Reluctant to ask for charity, a brave woman has worked for twelve hours a day to keep herself and husband; he, poor fellow, after ten weeks' suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is just on the way to recovery. Reduction in the woman's wages compelled her to seek outside help.

A Few More:—

Only son, and support of younger sisters, admitted into hospital. Very great difficulty in keeping home going.

Soldier's widow, formerly a worker, been ill for several weeks. Children existing on bare necessities.

Discharged unfit; not yet strong enough to work. Wife and children living from hand to mouth.

Soldier's dependant lost a son thirteen years of age; has seven children left, two of them delicate.

Doctor's bill for attendance upon soldier's wife presented for payment as much overdue. Other debts accumulated in the family.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

M. M. (Sask.), 10s.; D. Y. R. and A. J. G., 1s.; Football Team, H.M.S. *Tarantula*, per Hon. Sec., £3 10s.; P. S. B. K. 5s.; "One Interested in Prisoners," 1s.; Mrs. B. (Ashmore Green), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. R. (Chiswick), 2s.; "Soldier's Wife," 3s. 6d.; "A Labourer," 1s.; "A Promise," 7s. 6d.; S. R. (Harrogate), 4s.; "Ubique," 20 francs; "Infelice," 10s.; M. A. T., 1s.; S. T. R., 1s.; C. E. O. (Maida Hill), 1s.; G. F. (Thames Ditton), 2s.; F. R. (Yapton), 5s.; W. W. (West Ealing), £1; W. B. R. D. (Waterville), 5s.; A. E. W. (New Southgate), £2; Gar. O., 4d.; "Munition Worker," 1s.; Mrs. P. B. (Sask.), 2 dollars; Nurse M. C., 7s. 6d.; "Sporty," 2s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 5s.; "Irishman," 5 francs; "A Sailor's Daughter," 1s.; "A Well-wishing Canuck," 10s.; J. F. H., 1s.; "A Competitor," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. B., 6d.; W. V. A. (Dover), £1 10s.; "Grateful," 5s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Discount," 1s. 3d.; "Unlucky Patrie," 2s.; "Court 2681 A.O.F.," £1 1s.; J. H. (Bangor), 3s.; "Anglo-Canadian," 1s.; Mrs. A. I. (Westbourne Park), 5s.; "S. Africa," 2s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; W. F., 1s. 10d.; Mrs. R. (Hanwell), 1s.; E. L. W., 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Sergt.-Major T. H., 1s. 9d.; R. T. (Halifax), 6s.; H. T., 2s.; "In Memoriam, 15th May," 2s. 6d.; W. H. (Upton Park), 6d.; H. H. (Bentley), 1s.; J. R. P. (Penang), 3s.; "*Gralorm* (per J. L. J.), 14s. 6d.; W. H. S., £1; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; E. L. (Hoffalt), £1; Mrs. H. (Greenock), 5s.; "Taxi Driver 8272," 1s.; G. W. J., 10s. 6d.; Prize Money from Officers and Men of H.M.M.L. 405, £3; Mount Ngwibi Patriotic Society, £10; "Eileen, Rose and Lily," £1 10s.; T. R. (Aston), 1s.; "Anonymous" (Loughton), 1s.; A. B. (Arabia), 1s.; Gaiety Dept., V.R.C., Croydon (per F. R. T.), £1; "Twenty Fourth," 5s.; W. W. (New Cross), 6d.; B. K., 2s.; V. J. K., 1s.; A. Y. S., 10s.; "Punch," 10s.; A. B., 6d.; J. H. (Dunedin), 4s. 8d.; F. S., 7d.; S. J. L. (Gosport), 4s. 8d.; G. R. (H.M.S. *Bellerophon*), 10s.; "In Read," 10s.; Cpl. G. W. (R.E.F.), 10s. 7d.; A. J. S., 5s.; R. N (Walton), 2s. 6d.; H. A. J. B. (N. Shields), 1s.; J. B. (Lochailleth), 5s.; A. M. L. (Worcester), 2s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

R. J. B. (Stratford) assures us that many of our old opponents "grudgingly admit that we are making good." We ourselves don't mind confessing we have improved a bit.

"A SCOT" (Edinburgh).—"You deserve the gratitude of the nation for speaking the truth." Better say, for as much of the truth as we dare speak.

J. C. (South Bank).—"Marriage between Capital and Labour would be splendid, but where would the shirker come in? The shirker would have to take a back seat at the ceremony and be content with such crumbs as might fall from the breakfast table.

C. O. S.—"Do not play the part of Jeremiah any longer." That's a new one on us; the part was never in our repertoire.

J. S. (Finsbury).—"I thought we were fighting for freedom." So we are; but not freedom for pro-Germhun defeatists.

"PACIFIST" (London).—"With regard to the Kaiser, he will get his punishment when he dies.' It is possible; but, to take no chances, we should like to hang him while he lives.

E. D'ORLEANS (Taunton).—". . . And may God save Ireland!" And so say all of us; for the devil certainly can't.

"ANTI-FORCE" (Stratford). — "Every brute-force Empire has perished in its day." The Kaiser will be sorry to hear it.

J. W. (York).—From a sermon by the Archbishop of York:—"With the Cross before our eyes, let us think kindly of the rulers, soldiers, and the peoples of Germany and Austria." A mailed fist between his eyes might knock sense into his pate.

W. S. (Manchester).—"I have two plans. The enemy can all be frozen to death or roasted to death." Sounds rather like the kids' old game, "Hot or Cold." But give 'em both.

"A SUFFERER" (Dawlish).—Glad you considered our Albert Hall speech "to the point," although, candidly, we were a little shaky when we spotted you in the crowd.

"SERVICE" (St. Thomas's Hospital, S.E.).—Rest assured of our stout opposition to any panic proposals for the wholesale destruction of dogs. Such a crime is unthinkable.

"FARMER'S WIFE" (Bourne Fen).—"If the hotel in question is as ill-conducted as you say, we couldn't dream of "spending Thursday to Monday there." The very idea brings a blush to the tip of our nose.

"IRISHMAN" (Dublin).—"In the words of Arthur Griffith, if you take Irish conscripts you will take them dead." In that case they will bear the same value to the Army dead as alive.

G. J. W. (Burnham).—"Govt. offices are contaminated with sleeping sickness." If they sleep, they certainly make a lot of noise when they snore.

"SPIRITUALIST MEDIUM" (Stonecroft).—"I understand that you are willing to accept information from the unseen forces in the universe." Certainly. Ask 'em when the war will end.

"CARRYONSKI" (Goodmayes).—"Sure, I'd like to stand you a double whisky and a fat cigar." You do us proud, but invest the money in War Bonds.

"SPECIAL" (Watford).—We think the public thanks in generous measure are due to the Special Constabulary.

"KING AND COUNTRY" (Norwich).—"The working men of well-known boot manufacturers of Norwich would like to know how managers can get out of the army." By knowing how to manage, apparently.

C. S. N. (Bridgwater).—It is clear what's the matter with you. You've sprung a leak in the brain.

L. P (Handsworth).—". . . And while we stumble o'er the thorny path, Fixing our anxious thought on things above, Let us remember in these days of wrath, The sun still shines, and God, our God, is love." An uplifting faith.

"AN ONLOOKER" (Weymouth).—"The porter in a contemptuous manner said to the lady, 'Would you object to this carriage? There's a soldier in it.'" As the lady did not object, there was no harm done, except to the dirty porter's mind.

C. H. (No address).—Your letter encloses a sad poem and a merry 10s. note. The latter goes to our "Greatest of These" Fund, which we suppose was your intention?

CORPORAL, R.M.L.I.—The *Iris* hero of this rank who was at Zeebrugge fight and left his walking stick in a train, can have the address of the finder by communicating with us.

D. E. S. (Walsall).—Glad we did not hear *your* language when you received the piffling "Language of Stamps" in return for 7d. sent to Bureau M, 91, Donegall Street, Belfast, for the advertised "Lovers' Novelty Packet full of special courting secrets."

"MESSENGER GIRL."—"I am signing three of our names." Don't sign other people's names as a habit, or you may get into trouble.

E. H. D. (Glasgow).—Sorry to have published anything which did not "particularly interest" you. May we plead for another chance?

T. F. (Balham).—"When I go in and ask for a double whisky they charge me 1s. 8d." Nobody now buys double whiskies except millionaires, and everybody else gives a miss to hostelries where they charge 10d. for single ones.

F. S. (s.s. *Francia*).—"How many do three five's count in cribbage?" 15-2, pairs, 6; total, 8. Three fives in war time count about £6 for purchasing value.

J. B.—"The Halifax Cleansing Superintendent is all over the place in about one hour: the men say there is no dodging that man." Looks as if they had been trying to.

A. M. (Ballachulish). — "You may say it's an old bit of bunting; You may call it an old coloured rag; But Freedom has made it majestic, And time has ennobled our Flag." Sorry no room for more.

"ALIAH AKBAR" (Piccadilly).—So you think Lord Kitchener's work for India "resembled Christ's miracles." Never struck us, but possibly you're right.

H. M. (Newport, I. of W.).—"A person who has just had twins and only received 30s. wishes to know if she has received the proper amount." All we can say is, we should require more to induce *us* to have twins.

"LONDON, W.C."—"Curse the politicians!" (Exit, cursing them.)

"ANONYMOUS" (Camberwell). — It's all very well, but you can't kid us by writing "God bless you" where you ought to sign your name.

"THE CREW OF ONE OF H.M. SHIPS."—It is not likely there will be a conscription of women. The 70-year-old men have the precedence.

F. W. S. (St. Ann's Chapel).—We wish Britons *were* at Berlin on the Spree. Then Jack and Tommy would really enjoy themselves.

"A LOYAL SUPPORTER" (Louth).—Yes, owing to the omission of a portion of the cutting from your local paper, the Louth Magistrates were debited with the harsh treatment to Mrs. Rawlings, upon which we recently commented—their colleagues on the Alford Bench really being to blame.

"ONE OF THE CREW." (Barry Docks) asks us to convey to the Mayor and populace of Worthing "the earnest thanks of a torpedoed crew for the kindness they met with when landing at that place."

"WOUNDED" (London).—"Now is it fair, lads of 18 should go while men from 20 to 35 walk the streets?" No, not if they can fight as well as they can walk.

R. R. R. (Dalston).—It's a fact that you won't get much from the waste-paper rampers. Sell it where you get full value in money or fried fish.

J. R. (Erith).—You send us an article on "The Saving of Paper." Why don't you save it?

E. D. (Salisbury).—The British Museum was started by money raised by Public Lottery in 1753. £200,000 went in prizes, and £100,000 to found the Museum—a splendid monument to a little gamble.

"SINN FEINER" (Newry).—"Although a Sinn Feiner, I am a reader of J.B." So you may yet be saved. *Can't* we convert you?

"ROBERT" (Glasgow).—Quite agree with you about the Duke of Argyll. First he stops the men of Tiree from growing crops and then he bans the kelp factory. Monstrous that he has the power.

"SHOPKEEPER." — Your complaint noted (with regard to profiteering in "minerals." What we might call a gassy grievance, eh?

G. O. J. I. (Balham).—One little error in your spirited address to the Woolwich workers: the M.P.'s £400 per annum is *not* free of income tax. The comical part is, that it is scheduled as "earned" income!

W. A. (Byfield).—"If the penalty for taking matches inside the works where cordite is stored is £20 or two months, or both, what should be the penalty for burning tar and setting fire to several barrels in same yard?" What was it? *Nix!*

"A NEW ZEALANDER" (Hornchurch).—Postcard from Phillips' Patents, Ltd. Old Street, London, to a lady: "Assuming you have left our service, will you be kind enough to return the heels we put on your boots?" Well, upon our sole ——!

"MACK" (Edinburgh).—Certainly the wives of men between 40 and 50 need more consideration than younger married women. "Who deniges of it, Betsy?"

"FAITHFUL" (Liverpool).—Sorry if we have depressed you. We must brush up our smile.

R. T. (Liverpool).—You are quite at liberty to call the Kaiser "Bloody Bill"—or any other alliterative combination you fancy—provided there are no lad's up ent.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Southport).—Don't we think there ought to be a combing out of young men from the Salvation Army? Of course we do, when they're worth combing.

"BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER" (London).—"Surely it is time the men who have been so long gallivanting in khaki should go and do a bit." We agree with you.

MRS. G. (Kensington).—All we care to say, madam, is that your manners have not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

C. B. W. (Southport).—Yarns abound concerning misguided females said to be engaged to sons of Admiral Tin-whiskers, but you mustn't believe all you hear.

H. O. (H.M.S. *Caradoc*).—Don't grumble at us for "making a joke of some of the questions in the 'Letter Bag.'" Some of them we honestly cannot take seriously, and we like to smile sometimes.

A. J. W. (Hove).—So the Treasurer of the silly "Strength of Britain" nonsense has addressed you in a letter as "Dear Friend," and you strongly object! It is one of their slimy ways of asking for a "liberal donation"—which they got not.

PRIVATE L. L. (B.E.F., France).—The post-mark "Buy National War Bonds" on letters to the Front is not to be taken seriously—unless, of course, you happen to be a camouflaged millionaire.

MRS. B. (Moss Side) has a child of four, who, "incorrigible," has already been in two homes, and Mrs. B. wants to get her into another. There's only one home for that child, and something is wrong with it. Also with mother.

W. C. (Southall).—Cannot say whether Hindenburg's daughter was the author of the "chain prayer" you send us. May have been Ludendorff's mother-in-law for aught we know.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O for 2s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
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P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.B.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

No. 2.—THE DANGER OF "TRUSTING TO LUCK."

The man who trusts to luck ought to reckon the chances. Now what are the chances in the case of Venereal Diseases? The average, careless man who "trusts to luck" will put them vaguely in his mind as something like 100 to 1. He does not really recognise the risk at all; he ignores it, or defies it. But that risk can be stated in pretty accurate terms. The Royal Commission has printed evidence to show that of the population in large cities, at least one-tenth is or has been infected with Venereal Disease. Evidence placed before the Royal Commission also showed that there are about 140,000 *fresh* cases of Venereal Disease in the British Isles every year.

THE PROPORTION OF SYPHILIS.

The man who trusts to luck often says to himself, "After all Syphilis is a very rare disease, and Gonorrhœa is not of much account." How far this latter disease accounts for years of suffering, for blindness, nay even for death, will be shown in a further instalment of these notes. But the man who laughs so foolishly at Gonorrhœa dreads Syphilis. If he knew that Syphilis formed, as it does, about one-sixth of all cases of Venereal Disease, he would reconsider the chances and hesitate in face of that awful risk.

All those who have taken a risk of infection should at once seek proper medical advice. Early treatment, *within a few hours if possible*, will nearly always *prevent* the disease. Those who act at once may save themselves years of suffering and misery. Free treatment under conditions of secrecy is provided in most centres. Apply at the nearest Hospital or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write in confidence to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.2, for free literature or information.

My Feet are Just Aching for "TIZ."

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"It's just wonderful the relief TIZ gives!"

When you get home from the factory, just take your shoes off, and then put those weary, aching, burning feet of yours in a TIZ bath. The pain ceases at once, and the relief comes as a tremendous joy.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Also you will find it takes all pain from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

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Get a 1/3 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet become; how comfortable your shoes feel. Standing all day won't tire you then one little bit. And be generous! Send a box to your boy at the Front—*he* needs TIZ as much as you do.

A £30,000 Book.

CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD

FOR ninepence a week you can possess one of the most extraordinary and fascinating works ever published, "**CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD**," a popular account of the *most curious* customs of all countries relating to birth, childhood and youth, courtship, marriage, religion, magic, sorcery, superstition, witchcraft, death, funerals, burial and mourning.

A few of the thousands of customs which are included are: On the birth of a child, a father will lie up as an invalid in addition to the mother; if a child of the undesired sex is born it is thrown into the sea; where women propose to men; the importance of the mother-in-law in different countries; peculiar divorce and marriage ceremonies; curious secret societies; sacrifices; human sacrifices; propitiation ceremonies; elaborate processions; mutilation and torture; suspending by the feet to a tree for many years; lying on spikes; idolatry; ghosts; sorcerers; charms; witches; magicians; suicides of wives; professional spirit-catchers; peculiar burial rites; curious memorials to prevent haunting; wearing of limbs and skull of the deceased.

These are but an odd few of the many customs dealt with popularly by great authorities and which are beautifully illustrated on Art Paper.

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CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from **catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.** In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licencees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable, that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licencees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Never Mind the Stains

Movol will remove stains that nothing else will remove—Ink, Ironmould, rust, or any stains—and is harmless. It acts like magic: a drop of Movol, a gentle rub, and the stain is gone.

TRADE MARK

MOVOL

STAIN REMOVER

Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

White Clothing having a YELLOW TINGE—have their original colour restored by adding a thimbleful to the rinsing water. From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- & 6d. tubes. If unable to obtain, send 1/3 for large trial tube, to W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.

N. B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

A4

NO PENS WANTED

FREEMANS EGG SUBSTITUTE

For all cakes & Pastries

TOMMY'S CLEANLINESS AND SAFETY.

How to Keep our Soldiers Free from Body Vermin, Mosquitoes, and Flies.

The British Soldier is the cleanest soldier in the world, but stay-at-homes have no idea how difficult it is to keep free from body vermin and—in the hot climates—disease-infected mosquitoes and flies.

Every soldier should have a 1/- stick of PARASITOX in his kit. This wonderful compound rubbed on to the skin, or in the seams of the clothing, destroys and repels all form of insect life. It is non-greasy and non-odorous, and, unlike powders and liquids, PARASITOX remains effective for a long time.

Dug-outs and sleeping quarters are more than likely to be swarming with vermin, but PARASITOX will keep Tommy free from these, and ensure that comfort and rest which mean so much to the maintenance of health and good spirits.

Thousands of sticks of PARASITOX are sent regularly every week to British prisoners by the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

Send some PARASITOX to your soldier or sailor boy. He will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-.

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

PARA-SI-TOX

Obtainable at all Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Keppel's Pharmacies, 169, Piccadilly, *and Branches.*

FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 43

—BURNLEY.—

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British Invention

THE CHELLAPHONE.

A perfect Pocket Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, with Full Instructions, 1/1 each, or 12s. per doz. from the maker

R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

YOUR GLASSES INSURED

WE INSURE every style of Spectacle or Eyeglass against Risk of Breakage, and guarantee to Replace the *exact* Prescription and Form of Lenses, also to repair the Frame when damaged for a Small Annual Premium.

RATES OF INSURANCE FOR EACH PAIR OF GLASSES:—

Glasses costing to 5/- per pair	...	1/- per annum
Over 5/- to 10/- "	...	1/6 "
Over 10/- to 21/- "	...	3/3 "
Over 21/- to 32/- "	...	4/6 "
Over 30/- to 42/- "	...	6/6 "
Over 42/- to 63/- "	...	9/- "
Over 63/- to 84/- "	...	12/6 "
Over 84/- to 105/- "	...	15/6 "

Fill in the following particulars:—

Cost of each pair of Glasses .....

Are they Rimless or Framed .....

Are they Spectacles or Eyeglasses .....

Full Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose the sum of ..... to cover Insurance for twelve months, on the understanding that this Premium insures my Glasses against breakage or damage for one year from this date.....1918.

The Company reserves the right to cancel the Policy if it be found that inaccurate information as to the cost be given on this proposal form.

Cut out this Coupon and post together with Cheque or Postal Order crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," direct to

THE NATIONAL SPECTACLE AND EYEGLASS INSURANCE CO., LTD.,
231, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

Agents wanted. J.B., May 25.

'BULLETS' GREAT FIRST PRIZE £1000 RECORD OFFER!

2ND PRIZE £100 | **3RD PRIZE £50**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 6th
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(287) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 6th
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(287) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 287, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 6th
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(287) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 6th
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(287) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for "Bullets" Competition **No. 288.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 13th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **288** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets," **No. 288** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Forty Examples of the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 288.

THANKS TO BOTTOMLEY	NOT IN OUR LINE	SEAT OF TROUBLE	PERFORMING WONDERS
SHORTAGE OF PAPER	RIGHT BEHIND	RICE AND WARM	AFTER A DRINK
FEELING THE PINCH	TERRIBLE TWINS	THE OLD GAME	QUEEN MARY
A LONG SPELL	PACKING UP	WHEN FATHER JOINS UP	DIRTY BUSINESS
A BAD LAD	REVUE DRESSER	READY FOR EVERYTHING	SURPRISES THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Editor, in consultation with the Editress, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being considered, opinions and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts can be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount stating the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute impartiality will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and competitors entering thereby agree to the conditions of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 287.

WHAT HANS WILL DO	[illegible]	[illegible] SAYS
THE GERMAN ARMY	[illegible]	[illegible]
KNOCK TROOPS	[illegible]	[illegible]
ON A SOFT THING	[illegible]	[illegible] OFFENSIVE
LUCKY DOG	[illegible]	[illegible]
NOT CONFIDENCE IF	[illegible]	[illegible]
MADE IN ENGLAND	[illegible]	[illegible]
TAKING NO CHANCES	THE GERMAN WAY	[illegible] STRAIGHT
WHAT FATHER THINKS	[illegible]	[illegible]
READY TO SERVE	[illegible]	[illegible]
HERE AND HERE	[illegible]	[illegible]
HAPPY FAMILY	[illegible]	[illegible]
PLENTY TO DO	[illegible]	[illegible]
THE KAISER EXPOSES	[illegible]	[illegible]

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any word of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words must commence with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example.—Bottomley's Meeting. Bullet:—Treatment Accorded To Cat-meat. Example.—Wireless Lock. Bullet.—Surrender Beats Favourite.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for example. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 22nd. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated May 25th.

RESULT OF 284th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. RODERICK R. BROCK,
37, St. Paul's Street, Burton-on-Trent.
Example:—Bottomley's Meeting.
Bullet:—"Square Jaw" Showed Determination.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. W. [illegible],
"Otary," Wellington Rd., Exeter.
Example:—Brave Man.
Bullet:—Complained At Army "Mess."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Miss L. E. WHITE,
34, Gloucester Crescent, [illegible]
Example:—The British Navy.
Bullet:—Too "Great" To Hide.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. A. Neal, 9, Cross Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.:
What We Hear—Wipe Scrapes Thirteen Guns.

Mr. A. Robinson, 20, Cooke Street, [illegible] Trafford, Manchester:
Brave Man—Smiled And "Carried On."

Miss M. Leach, 153, Arnold Street, [illegible] Lancs.:
What We Hear—Dubious Gear—Discount Remainder.

Miss D. Smith, 147, Wrightington Road, Burnley:
Day Of Rest—"Don't!—Give It Up."

Mr. C. P. Burton, 4, Victory Road, Clacton-on-Sea:
Makes A Difference—Bruce Smith To "Run."

Mr. H. P. Farrell, 1, Holt Villas, Riverside, Putney, S.W.:
Fit And Fifty—"Pack Up" Means Trouble.

Mr. J. Taylor, "Sundown," Pelham Road, Seaford:
Without A Smile—Kaiser Recommends American "Honour."

Pte. E. P. Hayes, R.A.M.C., Provisional Coy., 24, Dale St., Blackpool:
German Returns—Thanks To British Politicians.

Mr. C. Goodger, 359, Lt. Broughton Road, Salford:
Day Of Rest—Shocking "Sorrows Good Bird."

Mrs. M. Bailey, 4, Mexborough Avenue, Shirley:
Flagrant Abbreviation—"Shears" Shipping—"Neigh" Overcome.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

[illegible] Jones, Welsh Regt., Military Hospital, Pulborough, Sussex:
Quick Lettuce—Great Reveal "Enemy Planes."

[illegible] S. E. Gee, 108, White Horse Lane, Mile End, E.:
Makes A Difference—"What's On" At Theatres.

Mr. G. W. Greenhorn, 18, Princes Crescent, [illegible]:
Brave Man—Gave "Ho" To Black-[illegible].

Mr. W. [illegible], Cambrian Works, Llandaff, South Wales:
Flagrant Abbreviation—"Haven't We Sent Enough?"

Mr. H. E. Burton, Glendale Villa, Langdon Road, Cheltenham:
Flagrant Abbreviation—Russians Now Enjoy Liberty.

Mr. W. Collins, 28, Beverley Road, New [illegible], Surrey:
Brave Man—Fancy Life Now—Penniless Aristocrats.

Miss V. Atterton, 19, Park Parade, Cambridge:
Brave Man—Tells Gas—Not Vacancy.

Mr. H. Matthews, 228, Ferndale Road, [illegible], S.W.:
Brave Man—Increased Pay Hems Now.

Mr. H. Shaw, 22, West End Cottages, Congleton, Cheshire:
Sentence [illegible] ... Grand "Cheers" Soon "Hearten."
(Short Words in Four "Bullets" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. Cann, 17, Burdett Road, Poplar, E.:
Wild Applause—— Bombardment's "Great Britons Sacrificed."

[illegible] of Mr. [illegible]'s statement in "Bullets" Competition No. 286 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Corner." Coupons for [illegible] Competition and an item of [illegible]

Crippled with Rheumatism.

Had Suffered for Years but Now Quite Cured.

Mrs. Pope, 4, Byerley Street, North Sea, Portsmouth, says: "My daughter, Hettie, had acute rheumatism when she was a child and was in bed for eight months. After that she was practically helpless, and in such pain that she would scream if touched. Food did not nourish her, and she wasted away till she was quite thin. This went on for years.

"About four years ago I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She had not taken them long before there was improvement, and ultimately she was completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised modern home remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Prices: 1s. 3d. *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the more economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: Dr. CASSELL'S Co., LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Stop your wife

parting with your half worn clothes. There's a lot of wear in them if you

SEND THEM TO THE

BRITISH

to be made like new in appearance. We **clean, repair, re-shape, and tailor-press** a suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform for the low charge of **6/-**, including return delivery.

Booklet on 'Care of Clothes' free.

BRITISH TAILORING & REPAIR CO.,

34-38, Great College St., London, N.W.

Telephones: North 2882-2883.

FREE Collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country (and Army and Navy abroad), use parcel post; we post back FREE.

You may think that a broken boot lace is a small matter—but is it? Many a train has been lost through a broken lace. Wear **Hurculaces** and avoid risk.

Hurculaces
GUARANTEED BRITISH MAKE

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

A minute saved is ofttimes an hour gained, and a lace generally breaks when one is in a hurry. To avoid such *contretemps*, insist on HURCULACES, which are made from strong, long-stapled threads that resist wear, and are well dyed and firmly tagged.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Weary War Workers

Who get up in the morning tired and depressed, lacking all enthusiasm to face the day's work, should get the Kkovah habit—a teaspoonful first thing on rising. It invigorates the system, cleanses the waste matter, and keeps you in good health.

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—Keeps you fit.

In tins from Grocers Stores, and all Boots' Branches.

Get a tin to-day and start to-morrow morning. And include a tin in the next parcel you send to the front. It makes a delicious, refreshing drink.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.

S. 13

SHORTHAND

SD

For ease and speed learn SLOAN-DUPLOYAN, the only simple system used on Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate

LESSONS FREE.

"The Energy Maker."

FRY'S Pure Breakfast Cocoa

"There is No Better Food."

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E. &c.

PROTECT YOUR WRIST WATCH

WITH A

Mesh-Guard

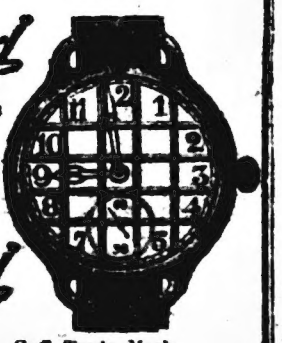
Pat. No.] [105634

BRITISH MADE.

NEAT-ORNAMENTAL SIMPLE-STRONG-ABSOLUTE PROTECTION. INSIST ON THE

WRIST WATCH

Mesh-Guard



In The Little Envelope Showing Officer's Cuff Trade Mark.

Heavily Silver Plated on High-grade Nickel Silver 1/-

ROLLED GOLD or H. M. SILVER 2/6

If unable to obtain, write Mesh-Guard Advt. Dept. 60, Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against **ZEPPELIN** and all other **AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.**

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.	
In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye ..	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks ..	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

May 25th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr, Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

May 25th, 1918. .....

And I'm bound to admit—

I've gone pretty thoroughly into the whole question, and I'm bound to admit that you're right. The "Midland" *is* the place to go to. You can always rely on finding what you want at the "Midland": they give you over £100,000 worth of really good furniture to choose from. And the prices compare very favourably with what you would be charged elsewhere.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art cretonne to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£5 5s. 0d.

Money buys more at the "Midland"

My advice is—just go and have a look round the "Midland" Salons. No one will press you to buy. You'll have no one to please but yourself. You can select anything that strikes your fancy, and if you like to pay for it there and then, you will get 10 per cent. discount. Or if you prefer, you can arrange to furnish out of income, on the "Midland" Ideal Terms; the "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (*who has been associated with the business for 40 years*).

Rail Fares Paid

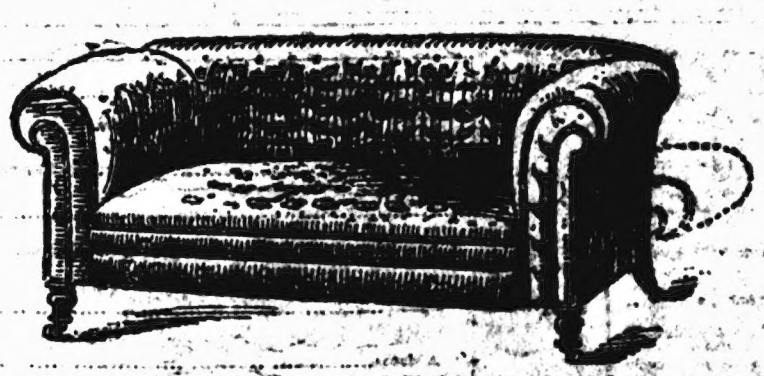
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. **£9 9s. 0d.**

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger Amounts pro rata.

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